

Woman's Department.

GOWNS FOR GROWING GIRLS.

"The growing girl is, perhaps, the hardest of all to cater to in the matter of dress," writes Carolyn Merion in April *Woman's Home Companion*. "She is neither the little girl nor the young lady; and unless she has grown up tall and willowy, with a certain style of her own, she usually is inclined to have no shape at all, with her waist line coming dangerously near her armpits. The slender girl may wear big plaids, checks and heavy rough effects, while the stouter, inclined to stoutness, must content herself with stripes and plain, smooth-surface effects. It is much easier to gown becomingly the slightly proportioned girl than the stout one, and paradoxical as it may sound, the stout girl has more need of fluff effects in her gown than her slim sister.

"While there seems to be very little that is new and original in children's clothes, yet they keep the pace with fashion, and take on a smart style, quite consistent with the age and season. Skirts with straight, full breadths, and no gapes at all, are not quite so popular as they were, but are still worn by very small girls, and are employed in making up the new large plaids for older girls.

"Plaid silks and wool materials are very much used for gowns for girls of all ages, and where the colors are quite striking, are relieved by trimmings of black velvet ribbon, or yoke and belt of plain cloth edged with braid. The finely mixed, light-weight wool gowns make good, serviceable spring dresses for every-day wear, and black braiding on hands and yokes of some bright, plain cloth is their usual trimming.

"The coming summer will see a greater variety of wash dresses for girls than we have had in a long time. Plain white and colored pique, also figured ones, will be much worn, and thin white materials combined with bright-colored ribbons will be much affected by the children and misses, with sheer Persian lawn as one of the most popular on account of its wearing qualities. All thin and washable skirts, when the fabrics used are other than piques and Holland lawn, are made with full, straight-breasted skirts, carrying the fullness well to the back, where it is gathered into the waistband."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To have old pieces of linen and cotton ready for use in an emergency is a great help. One woman I know of has bundles of old clothes, varying in size from those containing a sheet down to little ones to be used for cuts or bruises about the fingers, neatly put away in her medicine closet, and she can put her hand on the right thing at once.

One can hardly have too many closets and sets of drawers about the kitchen, for nothing can be any more useful. In these days of short memories a memorandum book and pencil hung up in some convenient place in the kitchen will serve as a great convenience in noting the articles desired from the grocer or butcher.

One thoughtful housewife whom I heard about recently keeps hung up in a convenient place in her house a little basket containing pennies to be given to the chance organ grinder, and her servants are instructed never to let one such go from the premises without money being given. It is an honest calling, and why shouldn't it be recognized in the world?

The garnishing of cold meats or salads may be a little thing in itself, but what a wonderful effect it will have upon an appetite which needs tempting. A little sprig of parsley will do what nothing else will, and whenever it is possible it should be used in giving an artistic touch to the various dishes.

THE BONNETS OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In telling of Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia, Jean Freley Hallows gives an interesting description of the costumes worn by the fashionable women of that day, in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The bonnets of the period," she writes, "were silky Lophors, fine Dunstable straws, and satiny Italian straws, sewed into extravagant shapes. These were actually becoming to youthful faces. Tremendous was the periphery, but the shape was subject to improvements to suit the individual case. Some huge bonnets were smartly rounded off at the ear, to display a well-turned cheek. Ribbons were profusely employed to match the color of the silk lining. A large shape, lined with rose pink, was trimmed with bows of broad ribbon of two colors, white and rose, with long streamers of the ribbon floating over the shoulder. But all would be lost from a fashionable point of view—if the streamers were of the same color. An *éclatante* would be careful to wear one white and the other pink. Large shapes of wire and net were often covered with figured silk or velvet for colder weather. Small hats of white crepe or satin were worn on dress occasions, even at evening parties. They generally showed a marabout plume or bird of paradise."

The woman who impresses you with being at leisure, and who you feel is not being hindered by your call, is always the ideal hostess. She may be the busiest woman in existence, and a multitude of duties may be waiting to be attended to, but she gives you no hint of it, and you seem to be giving pleasure, as well as receiving it. To be constantly reminded by the manner of the one on whom you are calling that you are hindering her in some way is not a pleasant experience for the visitor.

If there wasn't ten cents standing to your credit after purchasing one of the little jars of cream at your grocer's, I wonder how many of the little jars would be returned? The money serves as a drawing card, and sooner or later the jars find their way to their owner.

Coughs—Make a strong tea of hops, sweeten well with white sugar, and add lemon juice sufficient to make it quite "sharp" to the taste. Take frequently a little at a time.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine. This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages. If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of faintness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

"Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

Mrs. HELEN L. LEMAY, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhoea, and the worst forms of womb troubles. 'Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

AFTER THE THEATER.

How to Serve a Dainty Supper at Home.

About Sandwiches.

After small dances, card or theater parties there is a new way of serving suppers at home.

When the hour for refreshments arrives and the dining room doors are thrown open, in place of the doubtfully inviting cold collation on the long sideboard or at one end of the stately dining table the steam and glow from a couple or trio of big chafing dishes greet the hungry guests.

Over the great silver heaters, with their double power alcohol lamps, in the very smart houses the family chef or a caterer's man brought in for the occasion presides. From top to toe he is arrayed like a fly, and he probably speaks very broken English.

If a couple of double chafing dishes, which supply in all four cooking basins, are used, two men can rapidly feed almost any number of persons, and a delightful informality reigns. All about the cooks are bowls heaped with raw materials for conversion into dainty messes. Every utensil used in preparing the supper is silver, and every guest, selecting what plates, knives, spoons, etc., he or she desires from piles on a side table, goes personally for helpings from the chafing dishes.

On the brown or white wicker plates the bread is piled and topped by a silver wire fork, which holds a card. On the card, in legible gilt letters, is written "ham, chicken, salad or jelly sandwiches," as the case may be, and as the maid passes by those who are hungry may read and make their selections. As long as supper is in progress these baskets of bread are kept circulating through the rooms, and the less are dished up in the prettiest little pasteboard boxes. Inside the boxes are lined with waxed paper, and it is a fact to be remembered that napkins seen rarely or never used now at such suppers.

How Russian Caviare is Made.

Caviare is a very important product in Russia, the most of it coming from the sturgeon. The roe is taken out of the fish and rubbed on a sieve to remove the skin, the meshes being large enough to allow the eggs to pass through, leaving the skin behind. The caviare is then covered with brine. The brine is then placed in a barrel, and the caviare is kind put up for export in the length of time it remains in the brine. After it is removed and drained it is put up in cans, jars and small tins and is ready for market. The cheaper kind is put in to linen bags and pressed. This is called pressed caviare and is a much inferior article.

How to Wash Silk Vests Without Ironing.

A very simple and pretty form of made of wash silk carried out at the throat lines and fastened on a stiff collar, about which a ribbon is tied, finishing in a bow at the back. The silk is long enough to hang a little full at the waist. A thread is run about two inches from the bottom, drawing the fullness into the front, and this is tucked under the band of the skirt and held firmly in place by the belt of leather or ribbon. To launder this all that is necessary is to rip off the collar, let out the drawing thread, wash it thoroughly in warm soapsuds, rinse in cold water and while still very wet pin it, stretched tightly, on a lapboard or any smooth surface.

When dry, it will be as fresh as new wrinkles are ironed and as soft as new silk, as, if done when damp, it becomes as crackly as paper, while if allowed to partly dry first it is almost impossible to entirely remove the rough, dry appearance, unless a very hot iron is used, in which case there is danger of scorching.

How to Make Dainty Bonbon Boxes.

Very pretty bonbon boxes for a luncheon may be made at home. You will need cardboard boxes, one for every kind of candy. Cover them with crepe china silk over a layer of cotton wadding and decorate them with water colors. A pretty design is a delicate fern pattern in shades of green paper. Line the boxes with green crepe paper, fill with candies and tie with bebe green ribbon. Put the guest's name across one corner. Boxes of lay with linen and hand painted are exceedingly pretty.

How Oranges Were Introduced.

Hindustan had a monopoly on oranges till this fruit spread to the other parts of the world. The crusaders brought back oranges, but the Arabs round the Mediterranean were so unhappy as not to have wanted this delicious fruit. We are all eating the descendants of one tree. They declare the progenitor of all American and European oranges was a single oriental tree transplanted to Lisbon and still living in the last generation.

Wants and Needs.

Some there be who go all along life's path scarcely conscious of wants, and others there be to whom to want is to have and to whom the needs of life are never appealed. Food and clothing, shelter to keep out the cold; this from cradle to grave has been the lot of the many, while the gratification of the wants the fate of the few. I once heard a woman say her idea of perfect bliss was to be able to buy whatever she wanted without one thought as to cost, and when the day came that saw her want for such ample means gratified, she was ready to go back to the old condition where needs only were met, and now and then a stray want could be landed. Our needs and wants sometimes get strangely intermixed, and fortunate is he, who, having learned the art of separation, has opportunity to gratify both and draw the line between moderation and excess, for wants grow like weeds, and sometimes are labeled as necessities.

How Mosaic is Made.

Landscapes, portraits and figures of all kinds are represented by very small pieces of glass or stone of different colors. They are often so small that more than 5,000 pieces will be put in a square inch.

Each of these has to be selected so as to be of the right color and put in exactly the right place and cemented there. Some of them are so fine that it must have taken a man months to do a single square inch.

In the British museum is the finest specimen of these. It is less than half an inch square and represents the sacred hawk of the Egyptians, every feather of the bird's wing being produced with a great number of colors and tints, each quite distinct and so minute that a strong magnifying glass is required to distinguish details.

How to Improve the Carriage.

An erect and graceful carriage is always a great charm in a woman. A stooping, slouching gait is ugly, and it is always advisable for young girls to have physical training and to teach how to carry themselves. Exercises which tend to develop grace of body and motion should be practiced daily, and it is as well to remember that the body needs as much training as the mind.

How to Make Toasted Cheese With Eggs. Beat 3 table-spoons of bread crumbs soaked in milk with 2 eggs, then add 2 table-spoons of made mustard, salt and pepper to taste and, lastly, half a pound of grated cheese. Beat all together lightly, spread evenly on slices of toast and place in the oven to brown quickly. Before sending to table strew a little dry grated cheese over.

How to Treat Neuralgia.

Neuralgic people are always sensitive to changes of temperature and sudden chills, and to avoid the risk of these they should wear woolen underclothing. Very often neuralgia is complained of when, in reality, the half forgotten stump of an old tooth is at the root of the matter. If there is any doubt about it, a visit to a good dentist would decide the question once for all.

In cases of acute neuralgia relief may be afforded by rubbing together small parts of chloral and powdered camphor and applying the painful spot with it. Many people cannot take quinine, but those who can will find it the best remedy of all.

A local application said to be very effective also is equal parts of benzoin and peppermint oil. It may be rubbed on the affected part, or a cloth wrung out of hot water may be sprinkled with it.

How to Make Lye.

Lye is an excellent thing to keep on hand for scrubbing. To make it, dissolve a box of potash in hot water. Let it settle and drain off in a jug. A spoonful or two of this in a bucket of water makes an excellent scrubbing mixture.

How to Strengthen Weak Ankles.

It will be found very beneficial to bathe them in salt water—sea water if possible. Afterward they should be bound with a bandage that has been wrung out in cold water. This must be removed at night and the ankle again bathed and then massaged for five or ten minutes. A few weeks of this treatment will make them very much stronger.

The telegraph lines of the world aggregate 1,069,123 miles. America has more than half—548,832 miles.

Felons—Bathe, often, with spirits of turpentine. This will cure felons, even after they have become very painful.

Young Folks' Column.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have never written for the *Farmer* before. I am a little girl 10 years old. I live with my grandfather and grandmother. My mother died the 4th of February, of diphtheria, and left me, so I went home with my grandfather to live. I am not going to school now because I had the diphtheria and had to leave off going. I study the second reader, arithmetic, writing, geography, drawing and spelling. My teacher's name is Miss Blackman, and I like her very much. My teacher was very kind to me when I was sick with the diphtheria. She got me some oranges, bananas and candy, and I thank her very much for it. For a pet I have a cat; her name is Daisy. I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a cup and saucer from my sister, and a handkerchief and a large Christmas card. I have one sister and she was married last November. She lives about 3 miles from grandfather's. For a pet she has a dog; his name is Sport. The other little girls tell what they can do and now I will tell what I can do. I can wash dishes, sweep, make beds, dust, sew and knit, and make some fancy work. I have made a crazy quilt for my doll since I have been over to grandpa's. I will close by sending love to the girls and boys.

SADIE F. BERRY.

Manchester.

Dear Boys and Girls: I thought I would try and write for the *Farmer*. My papa takes the paper. I like to read the children's letters very much. I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a large farm in the eastern part of Athens, three miles from the village. My papa has for stock five pairs of oxen, three cows, three heifers and two horses; their names are Mollie and Billy. For pets we have a large Shepherd dog, two kittens; their names are Jet and Doris. I have one brother and three sisters. We have no school this winter. I study with my cousin; her mamma was a school teacher. I study large arithmetic, geography, spelling, reading and writing. We are going to have a new school house this summer. I hope they will get it done so we can have Sabbath school and meetings this summer, as we did last. I like to go and sing. Rev. James Hinkley preached. I can knit, make patchwork and dollie's clothes. I feed the hens and bring in the eggs.

KATHLEEN FOX.

Athens.

Dear Young Folks: This is the third letter that I have written for the *Maine Farmer*. I went to school ten weeks this winter. I studied first reader, large geography, spelling, large history, and large grammar. My teacher's name is Frank Maxfield; I liked him very much. I have pieced four quilts, and some of them are real pretty. I can make all kinds of crazy work, and crochet lots of ties and lots of lace. I have drawn one rug this spring, and it is a real pretty one, and it is a large one, too. As other girls tell what they can do, I will. I can wash dishes, make beds, wash floors, wash, cook some, iron, knit, and sew on the sewing machine. I am learning to play on the organ. I have got a new side saddle, and I can ride real good. Let's try and keep the column full. I think the answer to Clarence R. Leland's riddle is an egg.

HERSEY.

ETTA A. MONTFITH.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm. My uncle takes the *Farmer*, and lets me take it to read. I hope papa will take it some time. Papa has for stock two horses, their names are Jim and Pete; 2 cows, 1 heifer, 4 steers and a bossie, 20 sheep, 1 hog, 10 hens. For pets I have three cats. I have three brothers, their names are Lyman, John and George. My school does not keep this winter, but I study at home some. Our last teacher's name was Gertrude Ward. We liked her much. I can sew, knit a little, sweep, wash dishes and help mamma cook. I will send you a riddle:

"As I went by the kitchen door,
I saw one at work with four;
In and out, and round about,
As one went in, another came out."

If you print this, I will try again some time.

NINA L. BUZZELL.

Athens.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have never written for the *Maine Farmer* before. I am a boy 13 years old. I live on a farm. We have 2 horses, their names are Ned and Jenny. I have 13 hens. I have two brothers and two sisters; their names are Horace, Edgar, Stella and Hattie. My oldest brother is 18; my youngest sister is 16, my youngest sister is 9, and my youngest brother is 6 years old; he caught 9½ lbs. of smelts in one day. He can water the horses when I am gone away. He can saw wood and bring it in. My father has the grip. For pets I have two cats and one dog, their names are Panay and Daisy. I will tell what I can do. I can catch smelts and sell them, saw wood and split it. I guess I will close for this time, so good-by.

Damariscotta. HENRY O. WITHAM.

Dear Young Friends: As my other letter did not find its way to the waste basket I thought I would write again. Let's try and keep the column full this spring. I think the editor is very kind to let us have a column in his paper. I think the answer to Harry Sweetser's riddle is, when it is shingled. I think the answer to Lena Hanson's conundrum is, this foot. We have had lots of fine sliding this spring on the crust. I will close by sending a riddle: crooked as a rain's horn, teeth like a bat, guess all night and you can't guess that. Now boys and girls guess it if you can. I will sign my name in figures.

10-15-14-23, 2-18-9-7-10.

3-1-18-18 25-9-14-7 10-12-1-3-5.

Dear Girls and Boys: This is the first time I have written to the *Maine Farmer*. I am a little girl 9 years old. I have for pets two cats, and their names are Harry and Blackie. We have two cows, and their names are Brindle and Rose; and one calf, its name is Daisy. I have one dog, and his name is Sport; we have one horse, and his name is Jerry. As the other girls are telling what they can do, I will tell what I can do. I can wash dishes and sweep floors, sew, and

WILL NOT FAIL TO CURE

Dr. Greene's Nervura the Greatest and Grandest Remedy in the World.

State Prison Chaplain and Eminent Clergyman Pronounces Dr. Greene's Nervura a Priceless Boon to Humanity. It Cures the People.



Rev. D. C. EASTON, CHAPLAIN OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON.

Never before in medical annals has any medicine received such wide-spread praise and endorsement from physicians, druggists and all classes of the people as is bestowed upon the great cure of disease, Dr. Greene's Nervura, and nerve remedy. It purifies and invigorates the blood, making pure, rich, red blood, and it is therefore the grandest of blood medicines. It gives life, strength, energy, power and vigor to the brain and nerves, and hence is the greatest nerve tonic, brain invigorant and nerve restorative ever before known in the world's history. It banishes headache, backache, neuritis, rheumatism, and has thus demonstrated itself to be the surest and quickest pain reliever in existence. It cures stomach, liver, kidney and female complaints with a positive certainty which is unequalled and unrivaled, and which has caused weak, nervous, indigestion, run-down and debilitated persons everywhere to recognize Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the best medicine possible to take because it cures the people—it plays the organ. I am piecing up a quilt now for my own bed. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss Fuller, and I like her quite well. I must close with a riddle: What is the largest room in the world?

COLLIE M. PATTERSON.

Dear Boys and Girls: I will write to the *Farmer* again. As the girls tell what they can do, I will. I can wash dishes, sweep floors, make beds and cook a little. I am 10 years old. My mamma has been to the Maine General Hospital and got home about a week ago. My school closed February 12, taught by Mrs. Eva Taylor. I think the answer to Harry Sweetser's riddle is when it is shingled, and to Walter O. Dunton's is one mind the train and the other trains the mind. I will close now by sending a conundrum. Why is the letter F like death. Good by, from

South Hope. PHYLLIS HASTINGS.

Dear Boys and Girls: My vacation is almost ended. During vacation I have crocheted some, and mamma has taught me how to cook, but what a job it is to fry doughnuts! The dough gets in between my fingers, and what a job it is to get it off, and then it sticks to the bread board, and then how it sticks to the rolling pin, and I roll them either too thick or too thin. I wish some of you girls would write how to make different kinds of frosting. I will end with a riddle. Why are our eyes like stage horses? I think the answer to John Webber's riddle is crane.

Madison. ALICE M. SMITH.

Dear Girls and Boys: We live on a farm of 30 acres. We have four horses and four cows. I am a girl 12 years old. For studies I have fifth reader, arithmetic, spelling, grammar and geography. My school is done, but it begins again the 19th of April. My teacher's name is Mable Piper. I like her very much. As other girls tell what they can do, I will. I can sew and knit, sweep, wash dishes and cook some. I am on a visit in the country. I will close by sending a conundrum: When does a leopard change its spots?

Benton Station. FLORENCE M. BROWN.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a boy 11 years old. I live on a farm; my father keeps 3 horses; their names are Bess, Kit and Daisy. He has 3 young stock, 6 heifers, and 17 cows. He is milking 21 in all. I go to school; I am in the last grammar grade, and shall go into the High School next fall. This is the first time I have written for the *Maine Farmer*. As boys tell what they can do, I will. I can rake, harrow, tedder, drive 2 horses, and milk. RALPH H. MOODY.

Turner.

Lock the Door. Before the horse is stolen. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood and build up your physical system before disease attacks you and serious sickness comes. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong and vigorous and will expel from your blood all impurities and germs of disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, mild, 25 cents.

"Oh, how can you drink so much?" asked the earnest worker.

"It's a piece of me, sometimes," I guess," he replied. "It's just luck, I guess."

ONLY ONE WORD.

Only one word, dear, to say to you
Before the throng thrushes us apart;
Only one moment to pray to you,
Godless enshrined in my heart.

Only one life, love, to live for you,
Will you spare it? It lies at your feet.
Only one heart's love to give for you,
Will you reign in that heart, my sweet?

Only one song, dear, to sing with you,
Singer and song of your love;
Only one treasure to bring with you,
Your heart. What matters the rest?

Only one word to implore of you—
Word that is! Couldn't you guess?
Only one whisper—no more—of you.
Say—shall that be the Quitting Bee?"

—J. L. Heston in "The Quitting Bee."

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

A New York Cafe That Reposes Implicit Confidence In Its Customers.

It is rather surprising to find right on Park row a cafe that trusts its customers perfectly. This place has probably 300 regular callers. It is open day and night, and is run on a system of implicit faith in the honesty of man. While not a place strictly high class, it offers what might be called a very "comfortable" meal, with trimmings before or after. Altogether, it is simply a plain place for an everyday man, with occasionally a little something extra on the bill of fare equaling anything in the city.

This, of course, can be said of hundreds of similar places, but the system of payment is something novel. The proprietor, a stout German, boasts no cashier, as there is very little cash to take in. On the cigar counter is a day-book. The customer comes in, goes to the ice chest in the corner, gets what he wants and takes a quiet nip out of a black bottle. Then he orders what he wants on the bill of fare. It is served quickly and neatly. He then counts up his own indebtedness and puts it opposite his name in the book, including the "nip," or a cigar, if he prefers that. He then walks serenely out, knowing no proprietor is glaring at him and no cashier yelling for him to come back and make the cash register good.

This sort of childlike simplicity in running a business in the very heart of a city filled with buncosters, great goods men and gold bricks without number is said to be a winning venture. Customers invariably settle weekly, Friday and Saturday being pay days, and the proprietor says he has as yet to lose a bill through deliberate fraud. A little experience with a man like that is almost enough to renew one's confidence in human nature. —New York Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Primitive Surgery.

It is difficult at this day to realize the horrors of a surgical operation before the discovery of anaesthesia. The surgeon's knife was necessarily pitiless, and the victim could only writhing and scream under the tortures. The horror of an operation, even to a hero, may be better understood by a story of Nelson, included in a paper by Dr. John Ashburner in "Surgery Before the Days of Anaesthesia," published in the Philadelphia Record:

No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Tenerife he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow officer whose own form was uncertain.

When his own ship was reached, he climbed up its side without assistance, saying: "Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."

"He underwent the amputation," so says a private letter of one of his midshipmen, "with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character."

And yet so painfully was Nelson affected by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next to him action at the famous battle of the Nile he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments.

The Great Eastern as a Show Ship.

The last days of the Great Eastern were certainly sad, considering the purpose for which she was designed and the great work she did in cable laying. For some time before she was broken up on the mud of the River Mersey, near Liverpool, she was on view as a show ship. One firm of Liverpool clothiers hired her for a season, and in addition to using her for its advertising purposes made use of her for catch penny shows. In the large cable tank a circus was fitted up, and performances given at so much a head, while the exhibitions of the Concor Island type were spread all over her deck. —New York Sun.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Brother," said the minister, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the brother, who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Got Left.

Some time ago the queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of socks for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair. One mitten contained live, the other harbored a snake. Queen Marguerite inclosed a little note saying, "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best." The reply ran as follows:

DEAREST QUEEN—Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. I have knit mittens with the money. My brother had the bonbons.

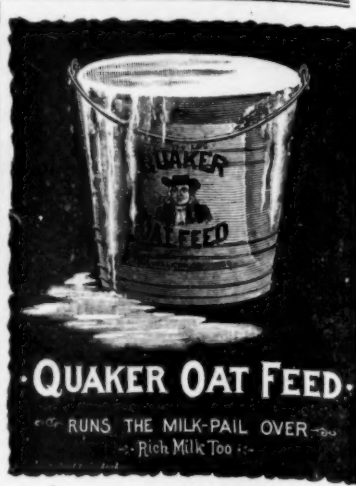
His Conversational Effort.

He did not know much about pictures, and when she spoke of a girl friend's achievements with a brush he was a little at sea. He said "Yes" and "No" with reasonable accuracy until she happened to say:

"What I am especially disposed to praise is her coloring."

"Her coloring!" he echoed with alacrity. "It's superb! You know I always did admire blonde." —Washington Star.

Friendships are not uncommon between the cat and dog, and have been known between a dog and a wolf, but the natural attitude of the weasel and rat is invariably war—war that is waged to the death.



QUAKER OAT FEED.
SOLD ONLY IN 100-LB. AND 150-LB. SEALED SACKS BEARING OUR BRAND.
DON'T BUY IN SACKS WITH BROKEN SEAL OR WITHOUT OUR BRAND!

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Horse Department.

"Unless able to do his own training and driving," says Deacon Partridge, "the man of moderate means should not attempt making a race-winner out of every promising colt upon the place. The development and campaigning of a colt that none but the wealthy can afford."

We have but about one horse to five persons in the United States, and very few of them suitable for the market or for the farm. Modern inventions decrease their use upon the farm, and in the city the calls are continually increasing. With the large export trade established now, and with this rapidly growing industrial demand, the question is, where will the good horses come from?

Geld the colt if you have any doubt about his being well enough bred to keep for a stallion; by no means give him the benefit of the doubt. No question but that there will be plenty of stallions without him. In every way possible avoid being a caterer to the general public of raising scrubs. It will require a united pull to raise the standard of breeding where it should be, and every man keeping or patronizing an inferior horse adds to the per cent. of poor stock. The best is none too good in the market to-day, therefore breed only the best.

It is not accidental that oats, the grain which, next to whole wheat, is best for fattening growth to the muscle, should have always been the favorite food for horses. They are better than wheat for all animals except man, and as good also for man, if properly prepared. It is the large proportion of hull which makes oats superior for horse feed, as the hull distends the stomach and prevents it from compacting and heating in the stomach. Oats grain not only contains a large amount of nitrogenous nutriment, but it has besides a certain stimulative substance, which is peculiar to the oat.

If you want fine fat calves, lambs and pigs, sow clover this spring. No kind of feed causes greater growth than clover, either in pasturage or hay. If half the pasturage and meadow land of our stock farms is in clover it is no mistake. Whoever is responsible for the statement that clover is injurious to feed to horses should be excommunicated at once. It is not only the best but the cheapest hay grown, because richest in food elements. The trouble comes from feeding in the same reckless manner as the poorer varieties. If clover hay is cut early and properly cured it is the best of all hay food, for any animal. Moreover its growth indicates a good standard of fertility and this is wanted everywhere. Grow more clover and sell the poorer hay.

To change or not to change. Just now there is a heap big discussion going on as to whether a change in the method of conducting races and the rule governing the number of heats can be made, which will better serve the interests of all concerned than the present. Such a change is on for something new that every conceivable plan has been proposed. It is noticed that the most of these are intended to relieve the horses by reducing the number of heats. Whether this be due to increased lack of staying powers is a question not to be debated at the present time. The majority of authorities are evidently against a change, believing that a horse which cannot fight out a five heat race, or even more, is not the one to tie to, and that the public will not be satisfied with any reduction in number of heats necessary to decide a race. We say the public, but in this the letting contingent is not taken into account. Men who follow the races to gamble bet on heats more than races, but this element calls for no consideration at our hands. The three in five plan has been well tested, it pleases the crowd, gives the best horse a chance to fight it out, and attracts numbers of legitimate lookers on which no other policy would draw. Down East will let well enough alone and stick to the old rule of three in five.

CURBS AND CURBY HOCKS.

Causes and Cures. A curb appears on the back of the hock and a short distance below the point thereof. In outward appearance it is a curved swelling, varying in length, gradually rising from the level of the skin, attaining its greatest height, and then gradually decreasing until the level of the skin again reached. A curb gives the back portion of the hock, just below the point, a curved appearance, hence its name. To detect a curb the investigator must stand not directly behind the horse, but beside him, so that he may observe the swelling protruding backwards from the leg. The cause of this swelling is briefly described as follows: The tendon passing downwards, expands over the point of the hock so as to form a cap for it and then continues straight down the back of the leg. This tendon is enveloped and connected with the parts around it by what is called cellular tissue, but which will be more generally recognized as a sheath, and between this sheath and the skin is the annular ligament which binds it down and adds much strength to the tendon and joint. In front of the tendon and within the sheath is a bursa or sac of serum, for lubricating purposes. That is to say, immediately below the skin lies the glistening substance of the annular ligament; below that we find the sheath enveloping the tendon and in front of the enveloped tendon the serous sac. Such is the order in which the parts are arranged. Keeping this in mind, we immediately see that the spot at which the tendon passes through the sac must be the weakest of the tendon's sheath and consequently the most liable to be the seat of injury.

Commissioners' Notice.

The undersigned, Commissioners appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, do hereby give notice that they will receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Wm. Gray, deceased, on the 22nd day of April, 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Bangor, Maine.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County, at Bangor, Maine, this 2nd day of April, 1897.

G. T. STEVENSON, Judge.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

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More Potash in the fertilizers applied on the farm means larger and better yields of crops, permanent improvement of the soil and More Money in the farmer's pocket.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—will be found in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 99 Nassau St., New York.

aprained and a curb is thrown out. In severe cases blood vessels may be ruptured and swelling is speedily visible, but in the majority of cases no swelling is to be seen until inflammation has set in, the serum has attacked the injured sheath and a species of tumor has formed. If not properly cared for at once the strained sheath becomes indurated and thickened, perhaps fibrous in its nature, ultimately consolidated, preventing the play of the tendon and hampering the joint.

Any accident requiring a very quick motion of the horse may result in the sprain of this sheath and the throwing out of a curb. Not infrequently young horses at play in winter on the frozen ground injury themselves in this manner; but of course, any enforced work that necessitates crossing rough surfaces at speed, or sudden stopping and starting, is the most fruitful source of this soundness. Obviously the immature structure of young horses renders them more liable to injury from these causes. Horses, however, of all ages, with what are commonly termed "sickle hocks," are the most frequently afflicted with curbs. As Percival remarks, "In proportion as the line drawn from the point of the hock down the back of the leg deviates from the perpendicular, or, in other words, in proportion as it inclines forward underneath the body of the animal, so is the hock, by the increase of the angle between the thigh and the leg, rendered weak and predisposed to give way." Hence the appellation, "curby-hocked."

Regarding treatment, it may be said that a curb, in common with substantially all other injuries, yields most quickly to prompt treatment. Repose is, first of all, essential, and a single stall is therefore to be preferred to a box. Hot fomentations must be applied to the diseased parts, maintained for all inflammation that may be there. All inflammation must be allayed before anything else can be done with safety. When this has been accomplished, clip off the hair and rub in a blister composed of iodine of mercury, one dram; vaseline, one ounce; tie up the horse's head for forty-eight hours so as to prevent him biting the hock when the blister begins to "eat." At the expiration of that time let down his head, and in a day or two place him in a box stall, keeping him there for a week, after which time he may be turned into a paddock. In all cases of curb the nailing of a high-heeled shoe on the foot of the injured leg will be found to be beneficial during the initial stages of treatment, for the high heels take much of the strain off the injured parts. This shoe may be taken off when the horse is turned out, his ordinary shoe being replaced. The calks may be a full inch long. Various other remedies are recommended for the cure of curb, but it will be found in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that it is better to blister well and effect a thorough cure than to adopt half way measures and run additional risk afterward. In cases where horses are cured with sickle hocks of pronounced character it is best to apply the firing iron before blistering, but with a good hock to work on the iron is not necessary, unless the character of the horse's work has caused him to spring a curb more than once.—Horseman.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

"Paul was an Irishman," vociferates Francis Murphy.

"Prove it," shouts someone in the audience.

"I will," Paul says somewhere. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, and whoever says spoke but an Irishman?"

A course of food's Sarapailla taken well build up the system and prevent serious illness later on. Get only HERRICK'S.

"Does de folks dat lib's 'cross de road fum you keep chickens?" asked Erastus Pinkley's friend.

"Well," was the response, after deliberation, "they keeps some ob 'em."

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WESLEY'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"There's no use to go to the White House," said one office-seeker to another, "the President will only tell you away." "Jerusalem!" exclaimed the applicant, "that's just what I want him to do! I'm after a foreign appointment."

Have you these dangerous symptoms—cough, pain in the side or breast, fever, short breath, night-sweats, tickling, irritation or soreness in the throat, diarrhoea, nervous debility, asthmatic or bronchial affections? If so, use at once Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm.

"I see that scientists have figured out there are 700,000,000 people in the world who are only partially dressed." "Well, well, then the society girl is not one of the 400 but one of the 700,000,000, isn't she?"

Don't Delay—Accept at Once. If you are sick or out of health, here is a chance of being cured which may never happen again. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most noted and successful physician in curing disease this century has produced, has announced that sufferers from disease may consult him by letter free. Write him immediately about your case. You can thus get his opinion and advice without charge. Do not miss this opportunity—your restoration to health will undoubtedly result.

Poultry Department.

Fat Boy: "No, you cannot raise chickens on egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from cowcatchers."—Berkovich Gazette.

Watch out against sloppy food for the hens. Let the morning mash be warm, dry and crumbly, but not large in quantity. Less instead of more should be the rule. Too much thin, soft food works havoc with the poultry, old or young. Season with good, common sense, and that will save every time.

The distinction between fresh and all lower grades of eggs and poultry will be more marked as the years pass. The great West will crowd the cold storage rooms, the place for the eastern farmer is higher up. Skill and energy will put him there, failure to have and manifest them, will drop him where he will be swamped by the flood pouring in by the carload, packed in ice.

No farmer in Maine should grow less than one hundred chickens this year and far better if he doubles the number. The surplus will furnish the family with the best and cheapest food. There is no reason why the farmers' table should not, and every reason why it should be furnished with the cream of the market, taken from the fields, flocks, herds and dairies. It will pay to double the chicken harvest for home consumption.

One of the best uses for wheat chaff is to use it on the floor of the poultry house. It may be three or four inches thick, and serves several purposes, the first being to keep the floor always dry and clean, and the next is that if oats or wheat be scattered in the chaff, the hens will work and search industriously for their food. The chaff has little or no value as food and should not be mixed in the daily mash. Promote activity by obliging the hens to work over the chaff.

Let panics come or panics go, mills run or mills shut down, free trade or protection rule, "biddy" keeps right on about her business, gets over and around the stumbling blocks owners place in her way and pays a profit in spite of controlling conditions. She and the dairy cow are the two unchangeable friends of the farmer, loyal to the last, faithful in spite of abuse and neglect. Would that they were better appreciated, and given a fair chance to tell their story of willing service.

As indicating the possibilities with poultry a writer states that: "In one case, which came under my observation, in five years from the time when the improving process commenced, the average egg product from the hens has increased one-third, and the average weight in the same proportion. In that time no 'fresh' blood had been introduced into the flock; the improvement was wholly due to food, care and selection of the best each year. Of course the same results could be reached in two years with thoroughbred roosters; but the woman who had these hens didn't have the thoroughbred roosters, nor the money to buy them, yet she went ahead and did the best she could with the fowls she had, and her best was very good indeed. It is a fact that the third winter after her work of improvement commenced, her hens laid more eggs than any other flock in the neighborhood, and there were some thoroughbred flocks among her neighbors."

E. O. Roessle, in Country Gentleman, writes regarding getting a living from poultry:

"A living from poultry means pluck, perseverance and very hard work. To this must be added personal experience. Gained by a small beginning, and a gradual progress from the very bottom. If the market side is chosen, and it is the safest at the start, then eggs and meat must be produced and sold at the highest figure possible. The quality cannot be too good to command high prices. If ambitious to be a fancier and breed show specimens, then knowledge must be gained from the experience of others. There is room for all in either branch, for neither is overdone. Fresh egg-broilers and roasters are always in demand, and every year some new, unknown fancier comes to the front. A man who has tried several pursuits, and has succeeded in none, and finally concludes he will try poultry, could hardly expect to make much of a living from it; but, on the other hand, he who could succeed in any pursuit requiring work and application, might reasonably expect to make a success and a good living from poultry."

FEATHER PULLING. This is a vice that comes from confinement and idleness; there is no sure remedy, but it may be, in a measure, prevented by so feeding the fowls that they will be compelled to scratch. It is contagious, to a degree, so that one or two fowls becoming addicted to the habit are very apt to teach it to others.

For this reason, preventive measures in the way of giving the fowls something to do should be used. It is a good plan to change the feed and also to chop and feed daily a little raw meat. Sheep's liver and lungs are as good as anything.

WHY IS IT? Why is it that the fanciers to-day will continue to crowd out that once noble breed, the Black Spanish, by breeding them to an outlandish white face?

Why is it that they will continue to crush the Polish by holding fast to a blinding crest?

Why is it that they will each year make the Cochins more of a bag of feathers than anything else?

Why will they diminish the size of the Leghorn so that it is not more than that of a bantam?

Why are the Plymouth Rocks and Silver Wyandottes so bred that they become easy prey to vermin?

Why are the Minorcas continued in such gigantic combs?

These are perplexing questions but easily answered when one understands the force of an arbitrary standard, which has placed non-essentials above essentials, and established these by close breeding.

ONE BREED.

While the breeder who is raising and selling fowls for breeders may find it an advantage to keep two or three breeds, it will be an exception when the farmer will find it best to keep more than one.

The breeder is compelled to keep his breeding fowls confined, but generally on the farm, they ought to have a free range as a matter of economy, so that they will pick up loose grain which would otherwise go to waste, and also destroy insect pests that injure the fruits and grain, and this cannot be done if more than one breed is kept.

Get a breed you like and one adapted to the purpose for which they are kept, and stick to it. Constant change prevents any improvement, and this must be the order of the day with every poultry keeper.

ABOUT NESTS. In constructing nest boxes, three points should be kept constantly in mind: (1) The box should be of such a nature that it can be readily cleaned and thoroughly disinfected; if it is removable so that it can be taken out of doors, so much the better; (2) It should be placed in the dark, or where there is only sufficient light for the fowl to distinguish the nest and nest egg; (3) There should be plenty of room on two or three sides of the nest. It is a well known fact that some hens in seeking a nest will always drive off other hens, no matter how many vacant nests may be available.

Since the nest is so arranged that it can be approached only from one side, when one hen is driving another from the nest there is likely to be more or less of a combat, the result of which is often a broken egg. This, perhaps, more than any other one thing, leads to the vice of egg eating.

To the writer's knowledge, the habit of egg eating is not contracted where the nests are arranged in the dark, and open on two or three sides. Nests for Leghorns or Hamburgs may be made of 6-inch fence boards nailed together so as to form boxes 8 by 10 inches, and 6 inches deep. Where perches are arranged with the platform underneath to catch the droppings, so often described, the nests may be placed on the floor underneath this platform, the opening in front closed by a door which either lets down from the top or lifts from the bottom. Where nests are placed side by side it is necessary to have the partitions between them of sufficient height so that it will be impossible for a hen to draw eggs from one nest to another.—Rural World.

THE POULTRY OF OUR COUNTRY. It is, in one sense, passing strange, that not over one person in a hundred realizes the great importance of the poultry product of this country. It is deemed quite too insignificant to give much thought to, and yet it surpasses by almost a third the entire wheat output of our nation, and exceeds by two-thirds the whole corn product. Thus far eggs and poultry have not been listed on the "exchange," and no one ever hears of prospective prices for "May" eggs. So far gamblers have left the hen product alone, and it meets only the force of sharp competition in the market. When the "bulls" and "bears" get after the poor chickens and case eggs, troubles will multiply. There are a good many people in Maine to-day, quietly giving their time and attention to this little industry and realizing a comfortable living. Many more are paying the grocery bills out of the egg basket, but with all the opportunity for profit, the great majority keep right on with just about enough hens to supply the family and a few eggs to sell in the flush season when prices are lowest. To correctly consider the proportionate amount of capital and labor invested, most of necessity place the "inefficient" poultry business in the front rank. My farmer friends, pause and consider before you condemn this great and incalculably valuable industry. Give a little more care and attention to your despised poultry—a little more in proportion to what you give your more expensive stock. And don't let me hear any more about those "good for nothing," lazy, razor-backed" hens.

VALUE OF POULTRY DRESSING. At this season of the year when men are casting about for fertilizing material it will be well not to overlook the pile of poultry dressing, or neglect to put it in shape for use to the best advantage.

If gathered twice a week or oftener, and kept in barrels, or protected by the use of some absorbent, it is ready now for working. Bring together at once in one pile in an old cart body or some dry spot and mix in a little dry earth or plaster, and leave it for a week. By that time it should be shovelled over and a quantity of the dry earth or plaster used to take up the moisture. Continue this practice until the mass is dry and fine as any fertilizer on the market. It is ready then to go on the land and tell the story of its value in growing corn or vegetables. Used directly from the pens, and very much of its value is lost. Left under the roosts all winter, and quantity and quality both will be gone.

Mixed with ashes as it is so often, and every encouragement and assistance given the nitrogen to get out of the way as rapidly as possible. Nitrogen and potash are both valuable and necessary for the growing of plants, but one needs to exercise caution in mixing, and here manure and ashes should never come together until buried in the soil. The dressing properly saved for the year is worth at one dollar per barrel nearly one-half the cost of keeping the hen. To realize the most in quantity and value it must be gathered daily and kept away from air, light and heat. The proper saving, preparing, and using this valuable fertilizer may well command attention, for it opens a way to the profitable growing of crops and also keeping of poultry.

DELICACY OF THE SENSE OF SMELL. The delicacy of the sense of smell almost surpasses belief. A single grain of must has been known to perfume a room for 30 years. At the lowest computation that grain of must must have been divided into three hundred and twenty million million particles, each individually capable of affecting the organs of smell.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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